Death of Professor Chew.

It is with sincere regret that we announce this morning the death of Dr. Samuel Chew, a physician of the highest reputation for skill and learning.

Dr. Chew was, we believe, a native of Calvert county, but came to Baltimore at an early age. More than thirty years ago he was chosen Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Maryland, the duties of which chair he has discharged with a constantly increasing reputation. A diligent and indefstigable student, he gathered materials for his lectures from every authentic source of information, and thus constantly furnished to his classes, year after year, all those discoveries and improvements in medical science which have marked the period of his connection with the University. As a writer, he was distinguished for force, clearness and elegance of style, for lucid arrangement, and for that copious ness which was the result of a full, minute and comprehensive knowledge of his subject.

But whilst Dr. Chew's studies were, of course, chiefly directed to the acquisition of the learning appropriate to his profession, he found time to pay attention to general science and to Belles Lettres. Fow mon of his day were more remarkable for general erudition, and being gifted with a memory equally accurate and retentive, his learning rendered him one of the most charming and instructive of companions.

Dr. Chew was a grandson of Bishop Clagett, one of the early Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Maryland, and he was himself, for many years, a member of that church. He illustrated in this whole of histony and useful career the very highest qualities of a refined Christian gentleman. A faithful, assiduous and tender husband—a father whose indulgence knew no limits except those of a wise parental solicitude—a judicious and uncetentatious dispenser of charities amongst the poor and needy—he lived the life of a good man, and those who will never cause to weep at the recollection that he is no longer here to cheer and comfort them, may confidently repose upon the assurance that "the end of that man was peace."

Barto Daily Graetle

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